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Einstein's a Landmark, Not a Beacon

John M. Anderson

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EINSTEIN'S A LANDMARK, NOT A BEACON

Late, shortcutting through a populous Princeton
graveyard—the autumn full

moon's hunchback reactor just coming on-line
at the horizon—I sailed across

the narrow, scented wake of a swift undergraduate, her
wafting hair a moon-color,

red. Early in the century yet for a coed, the silver-headed
squirrel on a limb above

my own head said, or spiraling up like smoke implied. She had
a scissor-stride, too, very unlike

the hobble, the swivel, stroll of your mid-fifties
Barbie doll. Our Einstein's very

pullover, altmodische gray's a web of singularities, black holes.
Hmm. What had he whispered, droll,

to this will-o-the-wisp had he witnessed her hop the cast iron
fence there, one-handed? Soon,

rumbled in his broad Swiss cobble of accents, a tangle
green moss reaching into the granite

of its deepest-cut carving. Nimm nimm. All right. But what
might it mean, Einstein's soon?